

The Oregon Statesman

"No Favor Sways Us; No Fear Shall Awe."
From First Statesman, March 28, 1851

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Value of the Audit

THE Statesman has long contended on the necessity for thoroughgoing and regular audits of public offices from the highest to the lowest by trained accountants operating in some bureau of the state government. The value of such a system is shown in the recent audit of the state engineer's office which revealed that the engineer had retained in his personal use \$1800.20 accumulated interest on funds of which he was the trustee. Now regardless of whether this interest belongs to the state or to the districts whose money was on deposit, it seems clear as daylight that it doesn't belong to the engineer who held the funds only in his official capacity as trustee for the bankrupt districts. For four years this money was retained, never reported or accounted for. The audit conducted under the recent state law disclosed this unaccounted for interest. Without the audit it would never have been shown up; for after a wait of four years and the confession that he didn't know but what he was entitled to keep it, Luper would not have reported the interest money.

We believe that the retention of this interest money reveals too low a conception of the ethics of an office. The state engineer is charged with heavy responsibility in the protection of public rights. He is the executive in charge of administration of water laws, having to do with granting power permits, irrigation permits, financing or refinancing of irrigation districts. If a man will take and retain for his personal use interest money on funds which he holds in trust for others without ever accounting for them until brought to light through a public audit, how confident may the public be that their interest in vital matters of water and power rights is being protected?

The audit further reveals the wisdom of having all public funds held by the state treasurer. Furthermore such funds ought to be remitted daily. Other money-receiving offices make daily deposits with the state treasurer; and all interest then accrues to the state. There is no chance of its being claimed by some other official.

Upright and competent officials need have no fear of what an audit will reveal. They will welcome it because it will reveal any errors in bookkeeping or in handling of funds, and will give the honest official a clean bill of health so far as his handling of public money is concerned. The present division in the secretary of state's office should be enlarged with power to audit books of cities, counties and towns.

The ordinary audit made by hired accountants in school districts and other municipal corporations is often of little value. The auditor just checks over the books and sees that funds are not being embezzled which is seldom done. An accountant acting under state authority can go much further in seeing that he law is observed in the expenditure of public funds, can advise and counsel with public officials regarding their financial problems. The cost of the service would be more than compensated by the savings obtained because of the audit. Oregon is getting on the right track, but much needs to be done yet.

On Making it Rain

THE rains finally came to the middle west, Will Rogers remarking that the Lord finally got tired waiting on the republicans. But the rains didn't come until the chambers of commerce had gotten busy with all sorts of schemes to seduce moisture from brazen skies. Whenever there is a long drouth, some one is sure to bob up with a new device for making it rain. The old scheme of offering incense to an idol not being regarded as effective in these days, everything has to be attempted in the way of science. So the chemistry witches with their ill-smelling chemicals, and the fakirs with their gins and rain-sands try to do the job.

One town in Virginia had ordered a lot of rain powder from Santa Fe but the rains came before the powder arrived. A new scheme has been to set loose fleets of airplanes to drop electrically charged sand through clouds. There is no evidence that the modern rain towers, airplanes, charged sand do any better than the futile devices of old. In 1891 congress appropriated \$9000 for dynamite which was used in vain to shake rain out of the skies. Cannon used to be fired on the old theory that the rains that fell after battles were caused by the cannonades. In 1903 some people in Australia freed hydrogen gas to start the rain; and in 1911 C. W. Post of Postum fame experimented with aerial bombs. Among other methods were shooting air currents aloft through tubes, dropping ice through balloons, freeing liquid carbon dioxide, spraying sulphuric acid through the air.

There is no substitute for nature in making rain. Rains are the product of such vast forces that the puny efforts of the pygmy humans who infest the surface of the earth are impotent to alter them. The rains come, and they are withheld; and so-called science is no more successful than ancient prayer in advancing or staying the coming of the rains.

Van Lear Black, who was lost off his yacht, was publisher of the Baltimore Sun, but he was not really a newspaper man in the sense of making that his profession. He was a banker and capitalist who became financially interested in the Sun. Fortunately for that paper, Black was wise enough to let the editorial and news departments run their end of the paper without domination from the business office. In consequence the newspaper has remained a great force throughout the country. Incidentally the paper has prospered also.

You'd think they were impeaching a president of the United States for all the uproar because a game commissioner loses his job. The whole state appears to be split from Coos to Walla-walla and everyone seems to have something to say for or against the firing of Clifford. The governor being such a dud so far as any popular interest goes, there has to be something to set folks at each other's throats; so the Clifford row is as good as anything.

Julius Meier served a warmed-over Joseph speech to the members of the Kiwanis club Tuesday. He had the same bogey of the power trust, the same wicked editors, the same sins of the utilities in using electric signs to advertise their business. Meier is the Joseph understudy and no doubt reasons that the same line of hokey that won for Joseph will win for him. And of course he may be correct.

Queen Helen of Rumania shows she has some spunk. She declines to a reconciliation with her dissolute ex-husband, Carol, merely to satisfy his ambitions for a joint coronation. She knows a rake like Carol would ignore her the first time a chic red-haired dame passed in front of the palace.

So the papers are serving up new suds on Almee McPherson and her mother. The Corvallis G-T is about right when it says the only difference between Almee and Tex Guinan is that Tex is honest and says "Hello, suckers."

HEALTH

Today's Talk

By R. S. Copeland, M. D.

Some time ago I wrote about "Blue Monday" and asked my readers to write and give their ideas on the subject. I received an astonishing amount of mail in consequence. Most of these letters follow the same general trend as to the cause. They speak about cramming so much in a week, excitement, exercise, rich eating, etc., into the weekly half holiday and Sunday that Monday finds us suffering, not only from a tired body, but from a general feeling of mental "let-down," as well.

While the week-end's vacation may not be the best plan possible, we should have plenty of relaxation. Each one must decide for himself just what it is that gives him the renewed energy and spirit to carry on. If we can only satisfy our full desires, whether it be for excitement, sports, or any other form of recreation or enjoyment, over the week-end, this is much better than not being able to fulfill them at all.

Work and play are essential if you would keep your mind and body healthy. The state of mind has a great deal to do with our general well-being. We all know the depression which is born of long illness or suffering. We welcome the renewed interest and activity that materialize as soon as we are better. Our bodies respond in every way. The outlook becomes brighter and we gain in health and strength by leaps and bounds.

It is unnecessary to have a "Blue Monday," as many of my readers contend. Keeping busy and doing those things which we want to do, but which we find no time to do during the busy week, should not only make our week-end happy and satisfying, but should also give us renewed courage to face the problems which appear every day. All work and no play is just as bad as all play and no work. The two are inseparable, to my way of thinking. Work hard and the playtime will be well-earned and merited.

The busy housewife should plan her Sunday with a view to having a long afternoon of leisure to do with as she chooses. The business man or woman should plan to get out in the open, to play golf, tennis, go hiking or riding, and in this way gain a different viewpoint and a sense of rest and freedom from petty worries and anxieties.

If we are interested in our work and have enjoyed our hours of relaxation and freedom we should find new zest for the beginning of another week. We are ready for it and planning for the activities which are to come.

Try to make the holiday give you what you want and what you need, but do not overdo. If you follow this rule you will feel no different on Monday than you do on the other days of the week. You will feel better. If we do our work each day and know that we have done it well then we can look forward to playing with added joy and satisfaction.

Answers to Health Queries
G. G. Q. Q.—What will remove freckles?

A.—Use equal parts of lemon juice and peroxide as a bleach.

D. K. Q.—What causes cold sores on the lips?

A.—This is usually due to acid in the system caused by faulty and poor elimination.

A. M. N. Q.—Is orange juice fattening?

1.—If one wants to reduce what should one avoid eating?

2.—What should a girl of 17 5 ft. 3 inches tall weigh?

A.—No.

2.—Avoid sweets and starches.

3.—She should weigh about 118 pounds.

P. S. T. Q.—What causes dizziness when I rise?

A.—Dizziness may be due to a circulatory disturbance, to an eye or ear condition, or to some intestinal disturbance. An examination will determine the cause and then definite treatment can be prescribed.

Editorial

Comment

From Other Papers

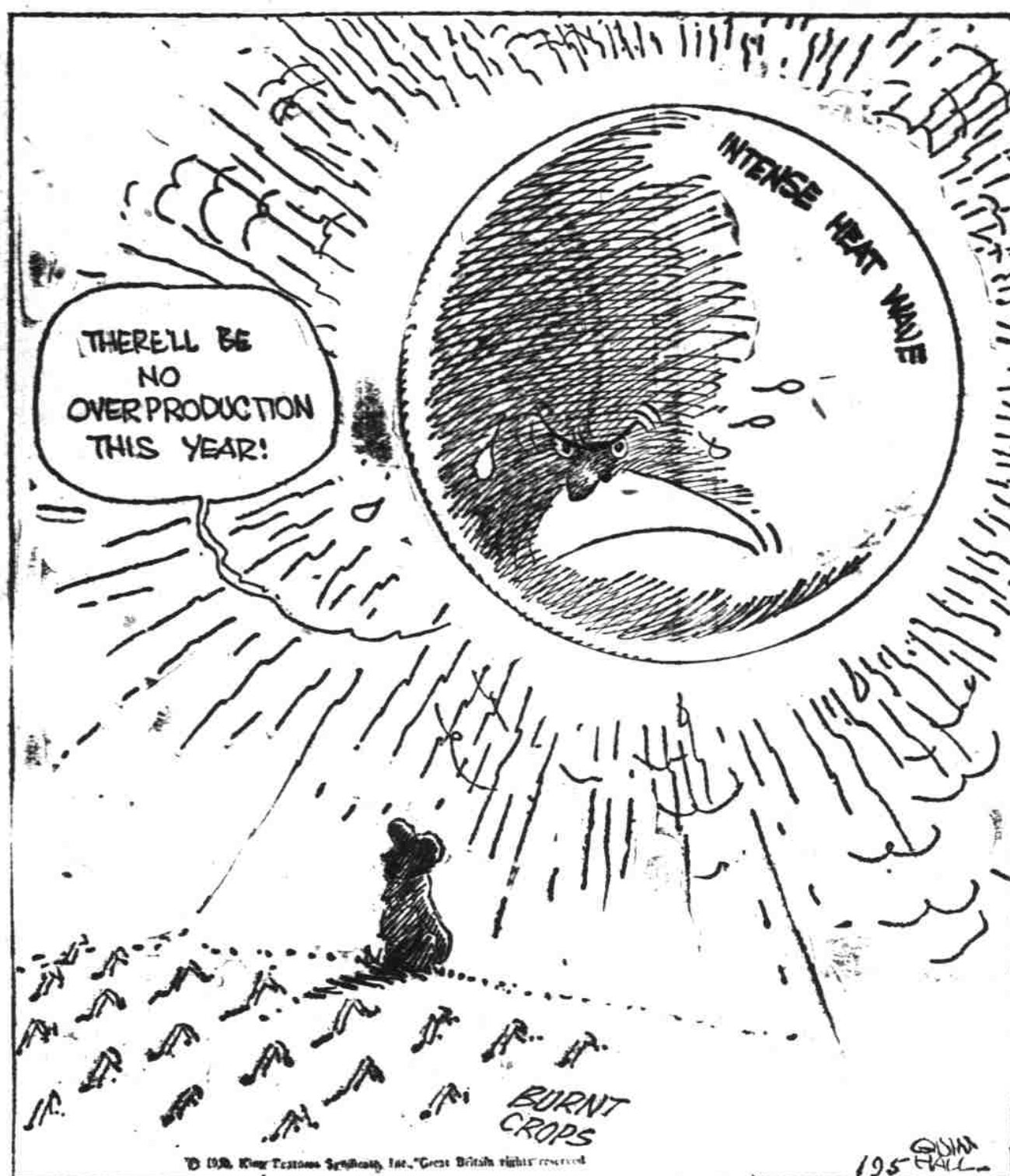
HOSS HAS WALLPAPER

Hal Hoss, secretary of state, has a wallpaper in him that is to be admired. Although T. A. Rafferty is a veteran in the traffic service of the state, having been a Sam Koser appointee, Hal Hoss fired him and a number of others from the service.

Rafferty had been on the job too long. He had become pretty well steeped in the belief, apparently, that the state must have his services. Hal Hoss thought otherwise and thought it so strong that he provided Rafferty with a ticket of leave which separated him permanently from the public trough.

It is a good beginning Hal, and the people of this part of the state are with you. Combining the "war-horses in public service" in Oregon is a good thing, for the Hal Hoss comb is a "fine" comb and will pull a lot of snails out of the grizzled old head of Old Man Oregon. Keep up the good work. This is a year for an accounting of all public officials, from court house to state house. The people want it. —Klamath Falls Herald.

THE FARM BOARD'S ASSISTANT



The OTHER BULLET

By Nancy Barr Mavity

CHAPTER 16

Long after the game of Albee Everett was all but forgotten by the general public, it was quoted with familiar admiration in the shop talk of the legal profession. The defendant, to be sure, was remembered only as a necessary prerequisite. What happened to Albee Everett was unimportant. It was an example of brilliant defense against heavy odds that the Everett case achieved fame in California legal history.

The part played by Peter Piper of the Herald in shaping the course of that surprising drama was never mentioned. He held an even less important place in the recital than Albee Everett, for the reminiscence lawyers had never heard of him. Yet it had not been for Peter, that classic defense would have never become famous, and in all likelihood 13 men and women, modern descendants of the ancient fates, would have spun a different thread of life for Albee Everett.

Jake Carter no longer had time to sit with his feet on the verandah railing. His hotel was filled with city reporters, who demanded ice water at all hours, played poker noisily long after a reasonable bed time, and consumed unlimited quantities of ginger ale. Jake viewed with abysmal contempt anyone who diluted good whisky with any milder beverage. He disliked having his rest disturbed by the clacking of typewriters and the shouting through open transoms of requests for cigarettes and correct initials. He objected to the honking of automobile horns as press cars tore into the yard in the middle of the night, filled with reporters who had "filled their yarns" at the telegraph office ten miles away and who seemed to think that the occasion called for loud celebration.

Peter alone remained in his good graces. "All this fuss over a mere shooting," he said with deep disgust. "Time was when westrung a fellow up or let him go, and the whole business didn't take more than half an hour. You'd think nobody'd ever got a bullet in him before, from the racket they make about it. It's plumb spollin' the summer, that's what it is."

He shuffled surlily down the hall in response to a shouted, "Hey! Jake's hotel was innocent of bells."

"I ain't even got time to read the paper any more," he added pathetically over his shoulder. "And when I do get a look at it, it's all full of what's happenin' right around here, that I know nars about. What they find to write so much about, I dunno. Here the trial's been goin' on a week, and they're still pickin' a jury. I believe that city lawyer gets paid by the day, and is wastin' time on purpose. Why should he care who's on the jury? One fellow's as good as another, say I."

The selection of the jury was indeed a long drawn out affair, eliciting groans from the press as well as the hotel keeper. It was increasingly difficult to make a daily spot news story from the monotonous succession of "excuses." Moreover, Peter was worried. He wondered if he had made a mistake in selecting Jerome Travis as defense counsel. Tall, handsome, sharp-featured, with a grim mouth and humorous eyes, playing the game with the cautious deliberation of a chess player and with a chess-player's detachment from human values.

Travis was easily the leading criminal lawyer in the city. His square courtesy of manner flashed at times into rapier-keen sarcasm. When he "took an exception," judges had a way of retreating to their chambers at the earliest opportunity, and emerg-

ing to announce that they had reconsidered rulings.

His impeccably tailored gray suit seemed in some miraculous manner to shed the yellow August dust which settled on everything in the hot courtroom. The soft collar of his white silk shirt remained immaculate when other collars were wilted. But Peter, the perpendicular line of a worried frown between his eyes, sensed that the figure of Travis had served to intensify the subtle antagonism of a rural community towards an urban interloper.

The first tactical advantage lay with Travis. He had succeeded in disqualifying the local judge, who with undue frankness had expressed the opinion that "this business of women shooting up whoever they liked and getting away with it had gone too far." Judge Wood, appointed by the judicial council to try the case, was at least impartial. With a Vermont accent which denoted residence in California had left unimpaired, he lectured the men and women in the jury box like a patient but sorely tried school master.

Travis wisely hoarded his peremptory challenges, leaving the general questioning to the judge as the state slip was drawn from the revolving tin box.

"You understand, Mr. Hankins, that it is the province of the court to rule in matters of law. Will you abide by the court's rulings?" the judge repeated for the twentieth time.

"If I think they're right, I will."

"Now, Mr. Hankins," Judge Wood spoke with elaborate reasonableness. "It is not the province of the juror to determine matters of fact. The court is the sole judge of the law in the case."

Mr. Hankins' round face reddened stubbornly.

"Well if I thought you was wrong, I'd sure vote against you."

"The court will excuse Mr. Hankins."

Travis drew a neat line through the list before him, and leaned back, stinging his gold pencil.

The questions rumbled on. "You have heard the questions put to the other jurors. Miss Hinman, would you be prejudiced in favor of the defendant because she is a woman?"

"Not when she's that kind of a woman!" The words came with venomous energy from thin and spindly lips.

"The defense will excuse Miss Hinman for cause." The gold pencil rapped sharply on the scarred table top.

"Would you be prejudiced she is a woman?" Linforth, the district attorney, interposed. "I'm certainly prejudiced against any woman who—"

"One moment, please," Travis spoke so quickly that Miss Hinman's pale lips remained half open. "The law says the defense is quite willing to leave it to his honor to question the juror."

The judge leaned forward. "Well, now, Miss—er—Hinman laying such prejudice aside, would you be willing to be tried in a case of this kind by a jury of like mind with yourself?"

Miss Hinman's lips pursed with conscious virtue. "If I'd acted like Mrs. Everett, I'd certainly think any jury was a parcel of fool that let me off!"

BITS for BREAKFAST

By R. J. HENDRICKS

Discovery of the Willamette:

Captain Clark is describing the Indians who were in 1806 living near the site of the city of Portland. Reading on: "In manners and dress these Nechee people differ but little from the Quathlapias and others of this neighborhood; but their language is the same as that used by the Elloots (on the upper Columbia), and though it has some words in common with the dialects spoken here, yet the whole air of the language is obviously different."

"The men too are larger and both sexes better formed than among the nations below; and the females are distinguished by wearing larger and longer robes, which are generally of deer skin dressed in the hair, than the neighboring women."

"In the house (the big house) were several old people of both sexes, who were treated with much respect, and still seemed healthy, though most of them were perfectly blind. On inquiring the cause of the decline of their village, an old man, the father of the guide, and a person of some distinction, brought forward a woman very much marked with the smallpox, and said that when a girl she was very near dying with the disorder which had left those marks, and that all the inhabitants of the houses now in ruins had fallen victims to the same disease. From the apparent age of the woman, connected with her size at the time of her illness, Captain Clark judged that the sickness must have been about 30 years ago, the period at which we have supposed that the smallpox prevailed on the seacoast."

"He then entered into a long conversation with regard to all the adjacent country and its inhabitants, which the old man or plained with great intelligence, and then drew with his finger in the dust a sketch of the Multnomah, and Wappatoo island. This Captain Clark copied and preserved. He now purchased five dogs, and taking leave of the Nechee village, returned to camp."

In the Portland Oregonian of Wednesday, May 14, 1930, there was printed a news article with this heading: "Full Moon April 1, 1806, Made River Navigation Easy." The article reads:

"What was state of the moon the night of April 1, 1806?" That question, propounded to Lieutenant-Commander N. W. Hibbs, U.S.N., hydrographic officer at Portland, sounded at first like a very, very old April fool joke, but the weather bureau said it was serious and that Oregon historical society wanted to know. The society, it developed, had asked the weather bureau and the weather man, having trouble enough with present and future weather had declined to answer any trick questions about 124 years ago.

"So Lieutenant Commander Hibbs got out his almanac and went to work. Every 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes 45.51 seconds the earth revolves around the sun and that constitutes a solar or tropical year. Also every so many days, hours, minutes and seconds the moon circles the earth. By dividing the time required for the shorter orbit into the time of the longer and making a correction for the difference between the solar and calendar years the hydro-

graphic officer arrived at his answer. "On the night of April 1, 1806, the moon was full. Quod erat faciendum."

"The grateful recipient of the information at the office of the historical society allayed the naval officer's curiosity by explaining that there had been some uncertainty as to how some one in the Lewis and Clark expedition had been able to navigate the Willamette river, then known as the Multnomah, between 8 and 10 o'clock at night on that date. The full moon provided an explanation."

That sounds like a lead to an interesting news item 124 years old. But on investigation the Bits man finds it is a dud. The "some one in the Lewis and Clark expedition" was of course Captain William Clark. But he did not navigate the Willamette river, then known as the Multnomah, between 8 and 10 o'clock at night on April 1, 1806. He did not navigate it at night at all. He arrived in the Willamette river on the afternoon of April 2, 1806, and he sought a place to sleep that evening in the house of the Nemaquinner tribe of the Coosbook nation, a few miles below the present business district of Portland, but he found there were so many fleas in the Indian house that, as he wrote in the journal, he "preferred lying on the ground in the neighborhood."

He got up early the next morning, April 3, and proceeded on up the river, and during the day, beginning at 3 o'clock in the afternoon for an hour, visited the home and father of his Indian guide, in the Nechee house with seven apartments, each 30 feet square, the front of that primitive apartment house extending 225 feet. It stood where Portland now stands on the east side of the river. In the evening, Captain Clark was back at the camp on the north bank of the Columbia river, opposite the mouth of the Sandy river.

Moreover, Lieutenant-Commander Hibbs might have given his inquirer the full "data as to cloud conditions" on April 1, 1806, and on the second and third days of April of that year, and throughout the 8000 mile trip of the explorers, if he had but consulted the well known journals of Lewis and Clark, meticulously and faithfully kept, according to the instructions of President Thomas Jefferson, who authorized and planned the historic expedition.

The weather at the camp on the Columbia river, a few miles away from the site of Portland, was "cloudy and fair" at sunrise on April 1, 1806, with a southeast wind. At 4 o'clock it was the same, and the Columbia river had a rise of one inch.

(Continued on Page 11)

A Problem For You For Today

What distance (in rods) would a man save by walking along the diagonal instead of the two adjacent sides of the two adjacent sides of a field 84 rods long and 50 rods wide?

Answer To Yesterday's Problem \$341.25. Explanation—Divide 207 9-1 by 3-4 and then by 3-5; add the sum of each of these quotients to 207 9-10.



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